

A delicate new Ditty composed vpon the Possie of a Ring
 being, *I fancy none but thee alone*: sent as a New-yecers Gift
 by a Louer to his Sweet-heart.
To the tune of Dulcina.



Thou who art so sweet a creature,
 that above all earthly ioy
 I thee deeme for thy rare feature,
 kill me not by seeming coy,
 no; be thou true,
 when this my suit
 into thy eares by loue is blowne,
 but say by me,
 as I by thee:
 I fancy none but thee alone.

Hadst thou Cupids mothers beauty,
 and Dianes chaste desires,
 Think on that which is thy duty,
 to fulfill what loue requires,
 'tis loue I aske,
 and tis thy taske
 to be propitious to my mone,
 for still I say,
 and will for aye,
 I fancy none but thee alone.

Let not selfe-conceit ope-way thee,
 woman was at first ordained,
 To serue man, though I obey thee,
 being by lones law constrained,
 my sebs and teares,
 true witnesse beares,
 of my hearts grieve and heauy mone,
 let not thy frowne
 then me cast downe,
 who fancies none but thee alone.

Think what promise thou dost giue me,
 when I first did thee behold,
 Where thou vow'dst thou wouldest not leave
 for a masse of Indian gold. (me,
 but now I finde
 thou art behind,
 all former vowes are past and gone,
 yet once againe,
 him entertaine,
 who fancies none but thee alone.

Let my true affections moue thee,
 to commiserate my paine,
 If thou know'st howe pears I loue thee,
 sure thou wouldest lend him againe:
 I thee aske
 and more respect
 thy welfare then I doe mine owne:
 let this mone thee
 to pittie me,
 who fancies none but thee alone.

Why should women be abhorred,
 and mens proffers thus despised
 Deare be rul'd, we'll haue a Curate,
 nuptiall rites to solemnize:
 thou sparigole,
 whose leaues are sold,
 when Tytanes rapes reflect thereon,
 on thee I lothe,
 for thou art mine,
 I fancy none but thee alone.

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Why should women be abhorred,
 and mens proffers thus despised
 Deare be rul'd, we'll haue a Curato,
 nuptiall rites to solemnize:
 thou Epitaph,
 whose leaues are sold,
 when Tytanes rapes reflect thereon,
 on thee I'll shine,
 for thou art mine,
 I fancy none but thee alone.

The second part. Or, the Maidens kind Reply.

To the same Tune.



Dear, I haue receiv'd thy token,
and with it thy faithfull loue;
Where let no more be spoken,
I to thee will constant proue,
doe not despaire,
nor lue in care,
for her who boies to be thine owne,
though I seeme strange,
I will not change,
I fancy none but thee alone.

Thinke not that I will forget thee,
though I'm absent from thy sight,
If I knew how to come to thee:
For be with thee day and night,
But shall thou know it,
how I am cross,
she should my loue to thee be shewne,
with true accord,
yet take my word,
I fancy none but thee alone.

This promise hath oft been vied,
Whose that's bound, must needs obey,
And thou seest how I'm included,
from thy presence night and day,
I dare not shew
what loue I owe
to thee, for feare it should be knowne,
yet still my minde,
shall be inclin'd,
To fancy none but thee alone.

Though my heart for a season,
be absent from thee perforce,
Yet I pray thee iudge with reason,
that I loue thee more the worse.
Oh that I might
enioy thy sight,
then should my loue to thee be shewne,
then doe not thinke,
her loue to thinke,
who fancies none but thee alone.

Many times I thinke vpon thee,
in my melancholly fits,
When I finde my selfe kept from thee,
it deprives me of my wits:
oft times I weep,
when other sleepe,
producing many a piteous groane,
then thinke on me,
as I on thee,
and fancy none but mee alone.

No fastidious motions can come
to be from thy sight so long,
Doe not then (my deare) rep
no suspect I doe thee w
for be thou sure
I doe endure
in constancy for
I long to
the if
shall of
two bodies be made one.